

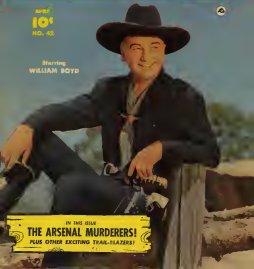
A Fawcett Publication

# HOPALONG CASSIDY

BIG 52 PAGES

APRIL  
**10¢**  
NO. 42

Starring  
**WILLIAM BOYD**



IN THE ISSUE

**THE ARSENAL MURDERERS!**

PLUS OTHER EXCITING TRAIL-BLAZERS!



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## HOPALONG CASSIDY

Starring  
**WILLIAM BOYD**

and the  
**ARIZONA MURDERERS!**

"I THINK THERE IS A BIG SOME TROUBLE, INSIDE HERE? I JUST GOT WORD THAT SEVERAL ARIZONA IN THE TERRITORY HAVE BEEN SLAYED BY A GANG OF OUTRIGGER KILLERS! THEY WALKED THE BOARD AND STOLE EVERY GUN!"

SHARPEN THAT RIVER GUN!

SHARPEN DO YOU RECKON THEY'LL BE GOING AFTER THE TWIN RIVER ARIZONA NEXT, HOPPY?"

"I'M AFRAID SO! I'M RIDING OUT RIGHT NOW TO WARN THE GARRDS TO BE ON THE ALERT!"

"ALL GO WITH YOU!"

"NO, ARIZONA! THAT GANG OF MURDERERS CROWDS MAY BE STEERING AGAINST THE ARIZONA, RIGHT NOW! SOUND UP SOME POWER AND GUNNERY EVERY EYE FROM TWIN RIVER!"

"I GOT YUM, HOPALONG! IF THOSE OUTLAW ARE ALREADY IN TWIN RIVER, THEY WON'T BE ABLE TO GET AWAY!"

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TOPPER SPEEDS LIKE THE WIND, AND IT WON'T LONG BEFORE HE CARRIES HIS MASTER TO TOWN.





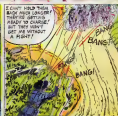




AS A DRIFTHAWD'S BULLET BROUGHT TO AN ABRUPT END THE LIFE OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST "SHARP!"









# **Captain Tootsie**

SKATING ON  
**THE ICE**  
 By BILL SCHREIBER





# HOPALONG CASSIDY

Starring  
WILLIAM BOYD

in

## The LAND GRABBERS

ON AN  
INDIAN RESERVATION  
OUTSIDE  
OF THE  
RIVER...

I THOUGHT I HEARD  
SQUIGGLES! WE DIDN'T  
GET HERE A SECOND  
TOO SOON, TOPPERS!

THIS LAND  
BELONGS TO US!  
WE NEVER LEAVE  
WHILE ALIVE!

DEAD OR ALIVE,  
THAT'S ALL RIGHT WITH  
US! START SHOOTING,  
MEN!



BUT HOPALONG SHOOT FIRST.....

BANG! MY GUN!  
THAT CRITTER SHOT IT  
RIGHT OUT OF MY  
HAND!

THAT CRITTER SHOOTED  
TOM HORN AND OWEN  
BUSINESS, BOYS!  
FINISH HIM OFF! THEN  
WE'LL TAKE CARE  
OF THE INDIANS!

BANG!



THEY'RE SIX AGAINST  
ONE! BUT WITH A LITTLE  
PROTECTION FROM THIS  
TREE I BEGON! I CAN  
HOLD MY OWN!





THIS IS WORSE LIKE IT! NOW ONE OF YOU TELL ME WHY YOU WERE HOLDING UP THE INDIANS?



MORE I ADVISE ALL OF YOU TO CLEAR OUT OF TOWN RIVER AS FAST AS POSSIBLE! THERE'S NO PLACE AROUND HERE FOR VANDALING LIKE YOU!



THIS LOOKS LIKE GOOD DRINKS! I'M GOING TO LET SO MY FRIENDS AND ME DECIDE TO SETTLE DOWN HERE! TWO LAND BELONGS TO THE TACONCA TRIBE!



WHOM, MEN? LET'S GO!



WHAT DO YOU MEAN YOU DECIDED TO SETTLE DOWN HERE? TWO LAND BELONGS TO THE TACONCA TRIBE!



AND WHEN CATCH US OFF GUARD? WE ALL DIE! FOLKSBY! NOT COME ALONG TO SAVE US!



I KNOW! WE GIVE THEM A CHANCE TO MOVE ON PEACEFULLY, BUT WHEN THEY REFUSE, WE HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO SHOOT THEM! AFTER ALL, LOOK HERE, THEY'RE INDIANS! ONLY INDIANS ARE AS GOOD AS ANYBODY DEAD, AND THEY'RE NOT ONLY BATTLED TO THE SAME FORTITUDE BUT ACCORDING TO THE SHOTGUN HERE, THEY'RE GOING TO GET THEM!



HOPALONG ALWAYS HELP REPAIR BROTHERS! TO SHOW THEM, WE LIKE TO MAKE HIM HONORARY TACONCA TRIBE!



IT'S CONSIDER THAT A REAL HONOR, CREEP!





WE PREPARE  
FOR CEREMONY  
TONIGHT!  
WHEN READY,  
WE SEND TWO  
BRIDES TO  
FETCH YOU!

I'LL BE WAITING  
SEE YOU LATER.  
NOW LET'S GO  
UP EAST,  
TOMMORROW!



WARRIORS.....  
TWO BRIDGES COULDN'T  
GET THAT LAND POLICAT,  
HE SCALPHE MAKE  
SOME MONEY CHASING  
BANDERS. TWO LET  
THEIR CATTLE  
DRAZE ON IT!

I HAVEN'T  
GIVEN UP  
THE  
JOB  
OF TAKING  
IT OVER  
YET,  
TOMMORROW!



HAVE YOU  
GONE PLUMB  
LOOO POLICAT?  
THAT SURE  
IS TOO  
TIGHT  
TUM  
TANGLE  
WITH!

I HAVE  
A PLAN  
IN MIND!  
WHEN WE  
WERE LEAV-  
ING, I HEARD  
THE COAT SAY  
HE WAS JOIN-  
ING TOMMOR-  
ROW!  
HOPALONG HONOR-  
ARY COAT? I RECKON  
HE'LL SEND BRIDES  
TO FETCH HIM WHEN  
THE CEREMONY IS  
READY! NOW WHAT  
WHAT WE DO.



READY NOW  
FOR CEREMONY!

WE GO AND  
BRING BACK  
HOPALONG!



OH, POLICAT!  
GIVE AND ME  
STAINED OUR  
FACES WITH  
SERVED LINE  
TUM SADD!

GOOD! NOW  
GIVE AND ME  
SHOOTING FROM  
READY! HEAR  
COME TWO  
REDHINS!



WE GOT THE  
TWO OF THEM,  
POLICAT!

KIDS SHOOTING!  
NOW SEE AND HAVE  
GARAGE CLOTHES  
WITH THEM! OUR  
KNOW WHAT TUM  
DO THEM!



MORTLY AFTER, AT THE SWAN RIVER JACKHOUSE.

IF YOU'RE READY  
FOR THE CEREMONY  
SO FAR I, IT'S TOO  
BAD WE DON'T HAVE  
A MICE NIGHT FOR  
IT! THE SKY LOOKS  
VERY CLOUDY!

AS PART OF  
INITIATION  
PRELACE MUST  
BE REINFORCED  
BEFORE WE TAKE  
SIDE TO CEREMONY  
GRACIOUS!











# ? ! ? ! ? QUIZ

SEE HOW MANY YOU CAN ANSWER CORRECTLY! SCORE YOURSELF AS FOLLOWS: 1 IS CORRECT, EXCELLENT! 2 IS CORRECT, GOOD! 3 IS CORRECT, FINE! 4 IS CORRECT, POOR.

1. A TALSMAN IS A STORY TELLER.

TRUE..... FALSE.....

2. THE FAMOUS STATUE OF THE MINUTE MAN WAS CARVED BY RODIN.

TRUE..... FALSE.....

3. JOE WAKELIN OF THE NEW YORK GIANTS WAS PITCHER AND WON THREE DOUBLE-HEADERS IN ONE MONTH'S TIME.

TRUE..... FALSE.....

4. THE OLDEST MILITARY BAND IN THE U.S. IS THE MARINE BAND.

TRUE..... FALSE.....

5. HENRY WARD BEECHER LONGFELLOW THE GREAT AMERICAN POET WAS BORN IN 1807.

TRUE..... FALSE.....

## ANSWERS

1. FALSE. 2. FALSE. 3. FALSE. 4. TRUE. 5. TRUE.



# WHITEY WHISKERS

## "THE ELEPHANT HUNTER"











# HOPALONG CASSIDY

STARRING  
WILLIAM BOYD

and *The* **UNFORTUNATE  
FLIGHT**

A MESQUITE  
STORY



If it were true that birds of a feather flock together the Mesquite yarn would be about cuckoo! But the bird-brain deputy gets involved with a pigeon and the antics of this fine-feathered duo will tickle your funnybone and send you laughing from page to page!











HA HA! I WAS AT MESSA'S THE PIGEON! IT MUST BE AS GOOD AS ITS OWNER. HA, HA!



THINK ABOUT THAT MORSE! HE FOOLLED ME! WAL, I'M ALREADY PAID HIM AND GET BACK MESSA'S BALLOON! HE'S GOT SITTING AWAY WITH THIS!



(GASP)



(GASP) THAT'S RIGHT! YOU DON'T SAY THAT!



(GASP) HE PUT OUT OVER HIS HEAD!

Now I haven't even got the first prize! You have a card made of so I could make up with the Wagoner! (GASP)



GENERAL'S



ALBINO

GENERAL'S

GENERAL'S







# SILENT SLIM'S ENEMY

By R. R. Symes



**S**ILENT SLIM hadn't got that nickname for nothing. He never boasted of what he had done or what he was going to do. He never talked about the weather. He didn't tell fancy stories of happenings in St. Louis or wild yarns about experiences in the Panhandle. He spoke only when necessary.

Sometimes his silence made strangers uneasy, but among people who knew him Slim was popular. They liked his friendly smile and his easy manner. And most of all they liked the fact that when they started to tell something he was sure not to interrupt.

In Cal Bower's store a stranger accidentally stumbled and bumped into Silent Slim one day. Most people would have said, "Look out!" or "Watch where you're going."

Slim didn't say anything.

The stranger must have taken this for a sign of softness. He moved in on Slim and patted, "Don't go pushing me around, String Bean!" and he patted back his big right fist to slug Slim. Slim's left hand shot out not more than six inches. His fist connected with the stranger's chin. The stranger hit the floor like a dropped bag of buckshot.

Slim dragged the stranger over onto Cal's heavy scales where Cal weighs bear carcasses.

Slim put the unconscious stranger on the scales. He adjusted the little weights till they balanced. Then he looked around and said, "Two forty."

That's all Silent Slim said. It was the weight of the big stranger. It was 140 pounds. Slim weighed maybe 175.

Slim had won the fight and had made a joke. He also had made a dangerous enemy.

The 140 pound stranger had a name. It was Bully Boy Barnes. He never before had been kicked in a fight. He was used to having his own way with his mighty muscles and his big fists. Now, the fellow he had called String Bean had made him a lingham stock. Bully Boy Barnes burned for revenge. He deter-

mined to get Silent Slim; to beat him to a pulp.

But he was careless. Caution was something new to him, something that had been jacked into his head by Slim's own punch K.O. He realized that Slim was a popular hero in town, and that if he started working on him before witnesses, some excited partisans might jump lead at him so he started to get Slim alone.

In those days, Slim was driving the stage between Crystal Lake and Five Trails. One morning, as he threw off the hooks and set out for Crystal Lake, the guard on the box beside him confessed, "Very unusual load of passengers today. Nothing but women and children inside. Can't recall when was the last time I done a run without two or three full-grown menfolk aboard."

Silent Slim nodded as he flipped the reins, urging the horses onward. The remark seemed to need no response, so he gave none. This particular guard loved to ride the box with Slim. The guard was a real chatterbox and he hated interruption. With rifle across his knees he kept up a steady stream of chatter, as steady as the clomping of the horses.

**A**S THE tugging beasts were slowed by the grade up to Blue Devil Ridge, the guard had returned to his frequent discussion of the weather. "Mighty prime day!" he declared. "We're bound to set a record if we don't run into some of those teenage lopers or . . ."

Clunk!

A sharp blow on the head put an instant stop to his chatter. Slim felt a Colt muzzle in his back.

"Busted!" was the word.

Slim obeyed. He felt his sling-gun being removed from his holster.

"I owe you something and I aim to pay off," said Bully Boy Barnes.

"Shoot!" said Slim.

"It's not that easy," asserted Bully Boy. "Get down!" Slim, having no choice, got down. Bully Boy followed. He yelled to the passengers, "Sit tight, ladies. We'll only be a



minutes!" Then he herded Slim into a clearing beyond a screen of scrub pine.

"I waited for my chance," said Bully Boy. "I waited till there would be only women and children on a trip. Then I hid on top of the stage behind the piled up baggage. I waited a chance to get even with you without any interference from your friends. Are you ready?"

"Shoot!" said Silent Slim.

Bully Boy looked for a second at the gun in his hand as if he only just realized it was there. He hurled it to the ground and then tossed Slim's gun aside it. "What do you take me for?" he snarled. "I don't need lead to whip the likes of you. I'll smother you with my fists!"

The men squared off. Bully Boy, now fully aware of his adversary's boxing skill, yielded with Slim's first punch. It jarred him, but he stayed on his feet, putting his entire 240 pounds behind a roundhouse wallop. Slim caught it on his forearm, but was staggered, nonetheless.

For a full minute the men stood toe to toe trading vicious punches. Slim, the more agile, ducked, parried, boxed. Bully Boy, with the greater weight and power, slugged and slugged. Both were scored and bleeding. Neither could get in the finishing wallop.

**IT WAS** the kind of fight that would have filled the largest stadium or arena to capacity with roaring fans; yet the only audience consisted of housewife and jack rabbit.

Both men were sweating, panting. Slim sent a left to Bully Boy's midsection. It brought a grunt and caused the big man to back a couple of steps. He lunged forward with an overhanging shot that sent Slim off balance.

With surprising speed for such a big man, Bully bore in with his other fist and caught Slim at the jaw line. Slim flew backward through the air. He landed on his shoulder blades. His eyes blinked and he shook his head dizzily. Weakly he got to his knees. Then he rose and started to run, past the screen of scrub pine, out of Bully Boy's sight.

Bully Boy brushed his bleeding hands together. "Coward!" he muttered. "Can't take it!"

He looked with satisfaction toward the scrub place where he had last seen the fleeing figure

of Silent Slim. Then he picked up the two planks.

It was later. Bully Boy was in town telling of the great victory. An audience of leather-skinned, wide-eyed companions, miners and cowmen listened attentively around the cracker barrel in the general store.

"We really slugged it out," Bully Boy was saying. "He got in the first punch and believe me, it really jarred me plank to my toes." As he spoke, he fingered his cheek bone tenderly.

"But then I got in a pretty good one too!" He looked at his scraped knuckles.

"Then it was fast and furious for awhile, but I finally knocked him down. I thought, 'One more punch will finish him.' Then he up and ran like a jack rabbit.

"Coward! That's what I thought!" Bully Boy paused to look around at his listeners.

"But I was all wrong! That old string bean has got some nerve. He mightn't talk much, but he sure hears a lot! He heard howl brutal Unshod horror! He knew that'd be Indians, heading for the stage! He remembered those unprotected women and children and he ran for the stage, even though he was scared. When I heard the yelling and finally got under motion, he had already grabbed the unconscious guard's gun and was popping away at those cowpoke redskins till they might have thought it was the militia!"

Another man spoke up.

**44 CENTS,"** he said, "I wasn't doing anything but my job, which is to take the stage from Crystal Lake to Five Trails and back again with all the passengers safe and hearty. But I couldn't have done it without Bully Boy Barnes. There were at least half a dozen cowpoke redskins firing at Bully Boy. But he kept on coming with those two planks flying and, believe me, if it wasn't for Bully Boy, neither the passengers nor I would have any scalp left tonight!"

Everybody agreed that was the longest speech Silent Slim had ever made up to that time or since. He and Bully Boy shook hands. Bully Boy yelped with pain. He said, "Ten sideways! You've got some grip. But when my broken knuckles get healed, I'll get even with you!"

But he was smiling when he said it.

THE END





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MODELS! IT'S EASY WITH  
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## "THE BAD EGG"





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PICTURE OF HOPPY

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# HOPALONG CASSIDY

starting  
**WILLIAM BOYD**

and the **RETURN  
OF THE DEAD!**

Give 'em a  
good scare—

NEEDS SOMEONE PROMPT IN  
THE LAST OF HIS COACHEE HORSE  
AND, HOPALONG! IT AIN'T THE  
FIRST TIME HE'S DONE THAT!  
HE'S ALWAYS LATE!

SURE SOMETHING HAPPENED  
ON THE WAY, BECAUSE I'LL  
RIDE OUT TO THE HILLS AND  
TAKE A LOOK!

THIS KID  
SEEMS OK!

BOOM! THERE'S WHEN  
I COULD GET A JOB  
DRIVING A COACH!



OF ALL THE MEN  
FINDING HIM LATE,  
SPECULATES THE MARET  
IF YOU DON'T FIND  
HIM, THERE'S YOU  
WANT TAKE A  
DANGER AT THE  
SALOON? ARE  
ANYONE HANGING  
OUR TROOP?

I WILL... IF  
I DON'T STOP  
HIM IN THE  
HILL!



MEASURED IN THE HILL—  
HURRY, DRIVER,  
PLEASE! I HAVE AN  
IMPORTANT APPOINT  
MENT IN TOWN AND  
WE'RE VERY  
CAREFUL!

OH, DEAR!  
I'LL GIVE IT  
THE WHIP AND  
WE'LL MAKE  
UP THE TIME  
WE LOST!

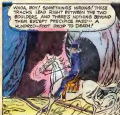


IF YOU HADN'T STOPPED AT  
EVERY SALOON ON THE WAY,  
WE NEVER WOULD'VE BEEN  
LATE!

GODDAM!









"I JUST HOPE YOU DIDN'T  
LOSS THE TRAIL AT THE  
POUNT! IF HE SAID—I HAVE  
TO THANK ON THE DEBIT!"



"(GASP) HE DO HAVE THE  
TRAIL, HERE—I CAN SEE  
THE REMAINS OF THE  
COACH DOWN THERE!"



WITHOUT A MOMENT'S HESITATION,  
HOPALONG STARTS TO DESCEND  
PRECIPITOUS PASS—

"THERE'S A SLIM  
CHANCE THAT  
HE WON'T  
KILLED IN  
THE DROP!"



ON A FEW MOMENTS—

"HE'S DEAD! NOW... THE RUMP  
ON HIS HEAD AND NINE COME  
FROM THE FALL, BUT I  
WON'T—"



"IF HE GOT THAT ROAD BEFORE  
THE CRASH, SOMEBODY MUSTVE  
STEERED THE COACH BETWEEN  
THOSE TWO BOUTLINES!"



"IT'S ONLY A MURDER OF MINE,  
TOYER, BUT I HAVE A FEELING  
THAT WHEN HE JUST SAW WAS  
NO ACCIDENT—BUT PLAIN  
MURDER! (GASP)  
BOY—WE'RE  
HEADING BACK  
TO THIS RIVER!"



"Good!"

"I WILL DON'T KNOW  
WHAT YOU'RE PROVING AT  
SHERIFF, BUT I'LL DO AS  
YOU SAY! I'LL RIDE  
MURKILL!"



"THE ONE GOOD THING 'BOUT ANSELVILLE IS  
THAT YOU ALWAYS KNOW WHERE TO FIND  
HIM—HE SPENDS ALL HIS TIME  
AT THE SALOON!"

"YOU CAN TELL  
SAY LIFE INSURED  
IMMEDIATELY?  
LEAVE THE DEBT  
TO ME!"









